

UPON THE LATE
S T O R M E,
AND OF THE DEATH
OF HIS
HIGHNESSE

Ensuing the same,

By M^r. Waller.

WE must resigne; Heaven His great Soul do's claime
In stormes as loud, as His *Immortall Fame*;
His dying groanes, his last *Breatb* shakes our Isle,
And Trees uncut fall for His *Funerall Pile*,
About his Pallace their broad roots are tost
Into the aire; So *Romulus* was lost:
New *Rome* in such a Tempest mist her King,
And from *Obeying* fell to *Worshiping*.

On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay dead
With ruin'd Okes, and Pines about him spread;
Those his last fury from the *Mountaine* rent,
Our dying *Hero* from the *Continent*
Ravish't whole *Townes*; and *Forts* from *Spaniards* rest
As his last Legacy, to *Brittain* left,
The *Ocean* which so long our hopes confin'd
Could give no limits to His *vaster mind*;
Our Bounds *inlargment* was his latest toyle;
Nor hath he left us *Prisoners* to our *Isle*;
Under the *Tropick* is our language spoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our yoke.

From Civill Broyles he did us disingage,
Found nobler objects for our Martiall rage,
And with wise *Conduct* to his Country show'd
Their ancient way of conquering *abroade*:

Ungratefull then, if we no Teares allow
To *Him* that gave us *Peace*, and *Empire* too,
Princes that fear'd him, grieve, concern'd, to see
No pitch of glory from the Grave is free.
Nature her selfe tooke notice of His death,
And *sighing* swel'd the Sea, with such a breath
That to remotest shores her Billowes rould,
Th'approching Fate of their great *Ruler* told.